THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 9th of Second Month,* 1805. [No. 9.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum, payable at the end of the first quarter.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The inclosed Ode lately fell into my hands. I believe it to be original, and think its excellence of the highest rank: I therefore send it for insertion, not doubting but that it will be acceptable to every reader of taste.

Yours,

AMICUS.

ODE TO SICKNESS.

Written by a lady, who for many years had lingered in a Consumption.

Not to the rosy maid, whom former hours
Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
The melancholy lyre: No more I seek
Thy aid, Hygeia!* sought so long in vain.
But 'tis to thee, O Sickness! 'tis to thee
I wake the silent strings. Accept the lay.
Thou art no tyrant waving the fierce scourge
O'er unresisting victims——but a Nymph
Of mild, though mournful mien; upon whose brow
Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy eye,
Tho' moist with tears, is always fix'd on Heaven.
Thou wrapp'st the world in gloom—but thou can'st tell
Of worlds where all is sunshine; and at length,
When thro' this vale of sorrow, thou hast led
Thy patient suff'rers, cheering them the while
With many a smile of promise, thy pale hand
Unlocks the bars of everlasting rest:
Where death's kind angel waits to dry their tears,
And crown them with his amaranthine flowers.
Yet I have known thee long! and I have felt
All that thou hast of sorrow—many a tear
Has fall'n on my cold cheek; and many a sigh,
Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my aching breast:
Yet still I bless thee, O thou chast'ning power,
For all, I bless thee! Thou hast taught my soul
To rest upon itself; to look beyond
The narrow bounds of time, and fix its hopes
On the sure basis of eternity.
Meanwhile, e'en in this transitory scene,
Of what hast thou depriv'd me? Has thy hand
Clos'd up the book of knowledge? drawn a veil
O'er the fair face of nature? or destroy'd
The tender pleasures of domestic life?
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart
Each better feeling; thou awak'nest there
That unconfin'd philanthropy, which feels
For all the unhappy; that warm sympathy,
Which, casting every selfish care aside,
Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest;
That melancholy, tender, yet sublime,
Which feeling all the nothingness of earth,
Exalts the soul to Heaven; and more than these,
That pure devotion, which, even in the hour
Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
With tears of extacy; such tears perhaps
As angels love to shed.
These are thy gifts, O Sickness! these to me
Thou hast vouchsaf'd, and taught me how to prize.
Shall my soul shrink from aught thou hast ordain'd?
Shall I e'en envy the luxuriant train,
Around whose path prosperity has strewn
Her gilded toys?—Ah! let them still pursue
The shining trifles; never shall they know
Such pure and holy pleasures as await
The heart refined by suffering.—Not to them
Does fancy sing her wild romantic song—
'Tis not for them, her glowing hand undraws
The sacred veil that hides the angelic world.
They hear not in the music of the wind
Celestial voices, that in whispers sweet
Call to the flowers—the young and bashful flowers!
They see not, at the shadowy hour of eve
Descending spirits, who, on silver wing
Glide through the air, and to their harps divine
Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of praise:
Or, pausing for a moment, as they turn
Their radiant eyes on this polluted scene,
Drop on their golden harps a pitying tear.
Prosperity! I count thy gifts no more;
Nor thine, O fair Hygeia! Yet to thee
I breathe one fervent prayer: attend the strain.
If for my faded brow, thy hand prepare
Some future wreath; let me the gift resign.
Transfer the rosy garland; bid it bloom
Around the temples of that friend belov'd,
On whose maternal bosom, even now,
I lay my aching head! And as I mark
The smile that plays upon her speaking face,
Forget that ever I have shed a tear.

* Health.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following authentic letter was written to a female Friend, residing in this city. But it was not sent to her; as the writer, on more mature consideration, justly thought, that it was improper to seek that consolation from a human source, which a Divine Power only could give. I communicate it for insertion, with a view of producing useful effects in the minds of those, who may labour under a deplorable infatuation, and be immersed in a darkness, *like that* from which its writer has been mercifully delivered. Although he never expected, and is now ignorant of its publication, the beauty and energy of some of the expressions and sentiments also entitle it to a place in—*every* heart.

RASOLA.

2*d mo.* 1, 1805.

June 18, 1804.

Much Esteemed Friend,

After a lapse of so many years, it will excite surprise, to receive a letter from a person so long estranged from the Society of Religious people. And were it not that circumstances, too amazing for my comprehension, are amongst those that have called me back from the paths of evil, a name would not now be revived in the memory of a person, by whom it must have been long forgotten, or but remembered with commiseration.

I had long doubted, and had become confirmed in the disbelief, of any special intervention of Providence, in his government of the world: which led to a rejection of revelation, and the authority of Scripture, further than the reasonableness of the latter could be discovered. Reason becoming thus my lawgiver, the passions and propensities often warping its decisions, the restrictions to pernicious action became few, and evil habits daily took deep root in the mind.

Among the worst of those habits, was the too liberal use of intoxicating liquors. From small beginnings, it had gained an ascendency, that could neither be governed nor concealed. My situation was deplored; resolutions of reformation were reiterated :—but, alas! the animating power was wanting; my faculties were paralized; no effectual progress could be made, towards a deliverance.

Thus enthralled, my situation was mourned with tears *by night*, while my *daily* practice was to repeat the evil: my sorrow increased with my evil habits, until the burden became intolerable, and stings of remorse were substituted for the composure of the silent pillow.

What could I do?—or on whom call? I distrusted any special intervention of the Deity, and could not save myself!

In this abased situation, confidence in all self-formed theories failed: I called on the Most High, from the lowest depths of humiliation, and He heard, and saved me with a marvellous salvation.

Agreeably to the ardent breathing and cries of my soul, all temptation to that and every other evil desire left me. *It was the dawn of day*; and it may be literally said, that I *arose*, a new creature.* The current and object of my affections were changed; and my delight was in thanksgiving, meditation, and praise.

Although it is many months since this circumstance happened, and daily being amongst those who are in habits of intemperance, I have frequent importunities to indulge in it, yet I have never felt the least inclination to taste intoxicating liquors since.

Humbly bowed under a grateful sense of Divine Goodness to my soul, and feeling disposed to yield a willing obedience to all His requirings, yet I am bound to testify, to me "his yoke is easy, and his burden light." As a child in divine things, nothing hard has been required of, and few doctrinal mysteries disclosed to me. Resting my soul's all on His teachings, who drew me "as a brand from the burning," I stand like the lonely pine on the summit of the mountain, a monument of the sparing mercy of Him that the winds obey!

* These expressions may be taken in a two-fold view: it was at the dawn of the *natural* day, that the "DAY-SPRING from on high" visited him; and it was on his couch, from which he "arose," as I have heard him since remark, that he was prostrated in the "lowest depths of humiliation."

R.

Impressed with the vast importance of the stake, and the imbecility of human nature, intimations of the sympathy and experience of the humble in heart, who have long been taught in the ways of the Most High, will be most gratefully received, and may act as a cordial to the mind, in times of its greatest debility.

Animated by that freedom, whose genial warmth expands the feelings beyond the incrusted bounds of wintry formality, I feel no apology necessary in disclosing my situation to an experienced sister, assured that she will take an interest in the situation of, and communicate counsel to, a seeking mind.

———.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

An ancient manuscript has lately been placed in my hands: it appears to have been "written at Carlisle, in Cumberland, on the 21st and 22d of the 11th month, (then called January,) 1689." It contains two separate productions: one is entitled, "To the Saints in Sion, a song of Praise;" and the other, the "Reconciliation."

Although the style of these is unequal, yet their elegance will fascinate and charm the admirer of an oriental dress. The lover of poetry will, in their perusal, find himself gratified, the Christian will be animated by the true and noble piety which they evince, and the moralist can remark, that although the existence of Infidelity has been equally mourned in every age, yet in the breasts of some, the love of those principles has prevailed, *in earlier times*, which are *now*, alas! too much neglected, and almost forgotten.

I believe these writings have never been published; and as their merit entitles them to be read and admired by *every* loiterer at the "Evening Fireside," they will afford to the *critic* a variety, sufficiently captivating to attract his attention, wearied in viewing the weeds and briars of modern literature, to flowers, which have hitherto been permitted to

"———— blush unseen,
"And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Who the author was, is perhaps not now known. It is evident, however, from the tenor of his writings, that some remarkable dispensation of Providence had been vouchsafed to him, which had destroyed the sting of death, redeemed him from the power of the grave, and anointed his eyes to see, in their proper lustre, the mystic glories of the kingdom of heaven. This naturally enkindled within his bosom, the flame of gratitude, and produced "a song of praise."

The "Reconciliation" appears to allude to that produced to mankind through the grand propitiatory sacrifice of the Son of God.

I mean not to make any commentary on either of these songs, as they speak for themselves; and their writer seems to have walked with wisdom, "in the midst of the paths of *sound* judgment." In respect to some passages in them, which may offend those who are affectedly delicate, I will, however, remark, that "unto the pure, all things are pure; but unto those who are defiled, is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience are defiled."

I should, perhaps, be accused of enthusiasm, by the voice of the vicious age in which I live, if I were to express my opinion of this ancient performance with the ardour and the energy which would satisfy myself. I pause, therefore; and have to regret, on viewing its beauties, that the *name* of the author sleeps in that oblivion, from which it is now my pleasure to rescue his *production*.

O.

Jan. 31, 1805.

To the Saints in Sion.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

1. Hear, O ye mountains! and give ear, O ye cedars of Lebanon: The glorious light of Jerusalem, the life of Saints, has put a song of praise in my mouth, and has caused me to rejoice in the vallies of Jehosophat.

2. I was in the desert, and he led me forth by the power of his right hand, I was fallen, and he stretched out his hand, and set me upright; yea, I was dead, and behold! he has raised me from the grave.

3. I was also an hungred, and he fed me with the bread of his everlasting covenant.

4. I weakly fainted in the way, but the King of the Holy mountain revived me, by the word of his promise.

5. He has laid my foundation with beauty, with precious stones of divers colours, and the superstructure is all glory.

6. Come, sing with me, O ye vallies, and flowers of the plains, let us clap our hands for joy; for the King of the East has visited us, and has smiled on our beauty, because he saw his name written on every flower, and his glorious image on every lovely plain.

7. Come, let us walk after him, to the seat of his Judgment, that we may see justice executed on the mountains.

8. Woe unto thee, O Babel, and unto thy children forever; for the unalterable decree is gone forth against thee, and the executor of justice comes towards thee with wings.

9. Tremble, O ye nations, that have drank of the wine of the wrath of her fornications; for ye shall be rooted out of the vineyard, and cast into the lake of everlasting torment.

10. Cry aloud with tears, O ye worshippers in the outward court: for, behold! he offered you peace, but ye laid hold on war; he offered you reconciliation, but ye went on in persecuting the saints of the Most High:

11. He called in the bowels of his mercy, "Come, and enjoy the fruits of my love;" and did ye not answer, "There is no satisfaction in thee?"

12. Ye stood about the doors of the Sanctuary, and he sent forth to invite you in; but ye refused, and withheld others also; but thus saith the right hand of the Throne of the Majesty on high, "I will arise in my fury, and come to judgment: I will suddenly tear in pieces, and there shall be none to deliver.

13. Who will withhold my wrath from the children of disobedience? or who shall divert my love from the contrite ones?"

14. Light up your lamps, O virgin daughters of Jerusalem! For the Bridegroom is come, to feast his guests with the oil of gladness, in the chambers of love.

15. Come, ye ragged ones, come sit down before the King. For behold! he is meek and lowly in heart, and loveth the humble. Though you be naked, he will clothe you with righteousness, though you be hungry, he will feed you with the bread of eternal life.

16. Fear not, O ye of low degree! for with our God, there is no respect of persons.

17. Fear not, O ye little ones! for he shewed you his loving kindness of old, and with him there is no shadow of turning.

18. Awake! awake! O ye, that sleep in trespasses, and in sins; for the trumpet sounds aloud in the city of our King.

19. Be ye raised! O ye dead, and stand upright before the Lord: for he is true and faithful that sent forth his word.

20. Conquer, O conquer, thou LOVE OF GOD, those that in ignorance oppose thy mercy.

21. Smite thy people with great thirst, O! All-powerful God!—that they may drink abundantly of the waters of thy Salvation.

22. Make them hungry, even unto death! that they may eat, and be refreshed by the bread of Everlasting Life.

23. Call them from the husks of outward shadows, and feed them with the inward manna of the Tree of life.

24. Take from them the bread and wine, which they have abused to abomination, and give them the fruit of the Living Vine, at the Father's table.

25. Bereave thy people, O most Faithful and True! of their polluted waters, and wash them white in regeneration by thy Holy Spirit, and cleanse them fully by thy righteous judgments, that they may receive thy burning love.

26. Consider their weakness, O Father of Mercies! for they are but flesh and blood, and cannot see through the veil into the Holy of Holies, in thy Glorious Temple.

27. Rend the veil of carnal wisdom, O thou Wonderful!—Counsellor!—and display thy glory in its full perfection.

28. Dissolve the great world of pride, covetousness, drunkenness, lying, cursing, oppressions, filthy communications, whoredoms; that thou mayest establish righteousness and peace, forever.

29. The measure of iniquity is now brimful, that thy wrath may have a full draught of the blood of thine enemies.

30. Rejoice with us, O ye, that rest in hope; for ye shall shortly be raised to glory:

31. For the Lord has laid hold on the sword of his wonderful power; and, behold! wrath is gone out before him to judgment.

32. He will shake the earth with terrible plagues, and, behold, the fear thereof was never equalled!

33. The heavens and the earth shall pass away before his breath, even the breath of his mouth, and shall be found no more, for ever and ever.

34. Those that hearken to the false prophet, and continue to give ear unto the old Serpent;

35. That break the commands of the God of Jacob, day by day, and cast his laws behind their backs;

36. That set at naught his statutes, and trample under foot the blood of his Everlasting Covenant;

37. That bring the idols of their vanity before the God of Purity, whose eyes can behold no spot; shall not stand in the judgment of the Prince of Righteousness, but shall be cast out of the presence of the Lamb, into the lake of wrath, prepared for the Devil and his angels.

38. The Apostate Whore that was divorced for her fornication and perfidy, who rode headlong upon her beast of self-love, pride, covetousness, and envy, unto the pleasures of Sodom and Egypt, unto the ocean of the abominations of Hell, shall likewise have her portion with the Serpent and false prophet, as a full recompense of reward for the fruits of her doings.

39. Rejoice over her, all ye Saints of the Lamb of God! for he that is mighty to save, has delivered you from her allurements, and discovered to you the secrets of his counsel.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

Pale gleams the meteor o'er the wild,
That drew my wandering steps so far:
Its treacherous beam my eye beguil'd,—
I deem'd it evening's dewy star.

Thus Pleasure's false deceitful gleam,
Misleads the erring steps of youth,
Eclipses Reason's steady beam,
And veils the radiant lamp of truth;

Till lost in many a tangling maze,
The wildering light it seen no more;
We turn and bless the friendly rays,
Impetuous ardour spurn'd before.

ANGUS.

February 4, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"For he could coin and *counterfeit*
"New words, with little or no wit." BUTLER.

Dr. Franklin has been much celebrated for the *originality* of his sentiments and expressions: and perhaps none of his productions have been more exhibited to attract admiration, than the parable against persecution.

Amicus has adduced this as "a specimen of the wonderful talents of its author;" and W. S. whom the former quoted, praised it as "a well-meant invention of his friend, whose sallies of humour, in which he was a great master, had always an useful and benevolent tendency."

But there is great reason to believe, that this *original* writer, the *immortal* Franklin, will be stripped of his stolen plumes, when truths, now hidden, shall be revealed. In support of my opinion, I shall quote some passages from "Davis's Travels in the U. S. Lond. ed. 1803." In order to elucidate them fully, it is necessary to premise, that a Virginian and a New-England man were at variance in respect to Dr. Franklin. The former asserted that he was a plagiarist: and the latter, to prove that "the Doctor, being self-taught, was *original* in every thing that he had ever published," adduced, like Amicus, the celebrated parable against persecution, which he triumphantly read.

"The *New-England man* having read the parable, turned to the company, and, with tumultuous rapture, exclaimed, "What a noble lesson is this to the intolerant! Can any thing speak more home? Why the writer appears inspired."

"And *inspired* he was," cried the *Virginian*. "There is nothing in that parable, Sir, *natural*; every word of it was *revealed*. It all came to *Franklin* from Bishop *Taylor*. There, Sir; read and be convinced. This book was printed more than a century ago; it is a volume of Polemical Discourses."

New-England man (reading). "When *Abraham* sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping, and

leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him, why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God.—At which answer *Abraham* grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to *Abraham*, and asked him, where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldest not thou endure him one night, and when he gave thee no trouble?" *D. T. p.* 212, *et seq.*

The noted epitaph also is hinted by the same volume, to have been stolen from a Latin one on a bookseller, Jacob Tonson, written by a little boy, an *Eton* scholar. Although Franklin was ignorant of the Latin, an English Translation of this epitaph appeared in the Gent. Mag. for Feb. 1736, "the source, probably, from which *Franklin* got his thought."

It is also strongly suspected, "that *Franklin's* pretended discovery of calming troubled waters by pouring upon them oil, may be found in the third book of *Bede's* History of the Church; and that his facetious essay on the air-bath, is poached *word for word* from *Aubrey's* Miscellanies." *D. T. p.* 217—8.

From these discoveries, may it not be justly supposed, that an author, who would *poach* in one instance, might be also tempted to *steal* in another?

A day, perhaps, may arrive, when corroborating circumstances will be brought to light from their dark recesses, by which the reputation of a Franklin, unjustly acquired, will suffer: "for there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested."

What think ye, therefore, Readers! of the *immortal, original, self-taught* Franklin?

QUID RESPONDES, AMICE?

A Member of the Invisible Club.

Feb. 5, 1805.

FENELON.

[It was insinuated by the adversaries of Francis Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, that the piety which he taught had a tendency to a refined deism, and to an independency on all visible authority; it furnished, on the contrary, the most solid proof of true Christianity. His thoughts concerning the state of man by nature, are, that he is born diseased, but that the remedy is ever at hand to cure him. The Light, which enlightens every man that comes into the world, is never wanting. Every man shall be judged by a law which he has known, and not by that which he has not known. No one shall be condemned, but for neglecting to profit by what he knew: the religion of Christ consists in charity. The ceremonies and priesthood are but salutary and to succour our weakness; outward and sensible signs to increase in ourselves and others the knowledge and love of our common father. Very soon these means shall cease, the shadow shall disappear, and the true temple be opened.

Jesus Christ has taught us to look upon this life, this short moment of our banishment here below, as the infancy of our being; and as an obscure night, in which all the pleasures we meet with are but transient dreams; and all the evils we feel but wholesome bitters, to wean us from the love of this world, and make us press forward to our true and native country. Penetrated with a sense of our nothingness, our inability and blindness, he would have us present ourselves before him, the Being of beings; that he may impress his image upon our souls, enlighten and animate us, and thereby produce in us the choicest virtues, till at length being made wholly conformable to him, he shall consummate us in his divine fellowship. This is that worship in Spirit and in Truth, of which the Gospel speaks.

Such are the doctrines taught by a man whose writings we profess to admire; whose memory, though he suffered persecution in his day, continues to stand fair; and whose amiableness of deportment and gentleness of disposition were acknowledged by even his enemies. His writings were various and instructive, and offer such food for the well disposed mind as cannot fail to nourish and support it in its spiritual growth. We congratulate such as are willing to appreciate the literary labours of the worthy archbishop upon the publication of "Extracts" from his serious works. These Extracts, it appears, were made a few years ago by John Kendall, who being desirous that others should be benefited by what had been an instrument of instruction to him, undertook the selection, which in a small and handsome volume is now offered to the public by Kimber, Conrad, & Co. From this little work we give the following extract.]

VIRTUE.

The practice of virtue does not consist in words; they can never suffice to attain the kingdom of God. It is to be attained only by a perpetual violence, which we must offer to ourselves; a violence when the torrent of the world is to be resisted, which prevents our doing good, after having so frequently been the occasion of our doing evil; a violence, when we are in part to renounce what is necessary, that we may not be deceived, in too readily imagining that we have relinquished what is superfluous; a violence, when we are to mortify our spirits, not thinking we have done sufficient when we have mortified our bodies; a violence, for being perfectly contented in whatever state we are, without desiring more conveniences, more honour, more health, or any other company, not even that of good people. Lastly, a violence, to arrive at that degree of indifference, which is necessary for a Christian, who has no will but that of his Creator, to whom he leaves the success of all his affairs, though he employs himself in them; who acts suitably to his condition, but does so without anxiety; who takes pleasure in looking up to God, and does not fear the being retarded by him; who hopes that the eye of God will be upon him for the correction of his faults; and who peacefully relies on his mercy, with regard to the punishment of them.

LANARK COTTON MILLS.

We hasten, with pleasure and with delight, to show, how Mr. Dale, owner of the Cotton-mills, dispenses happiness and comfort to so many of his fellow-creatures, by his attention, not only to their health, but to their morals. His little kingdom consists of neat well-built houses, forming broad, regular, and cleanly streets. Near the middle of the town stand the mills, and opposite to them the chief mansion of the place, the residence of the superintendant of the works, and occasionally of Mr. Dale himself. The town contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, mostly Highlanders; all of whom, that are capable of labour, are employed by Mr. Dale in his service, either in working at the cotton manufactory, or in repairing and keeping the mills in order. Five hundred children are entirely fed, clothed, and instructed, at the expense of this venerable philanthropist. The rest of the children live with their parents in comfortable and neat habitations in the town, and receive weekly wages for their labour.

The health and the happiness, depicted in the countenances of these

children, show, that the proprietor of the Lanark mills has remembered mercy in the midst of his gain; the regulations adopted here for the preservation of the health, both of body and of mind, are such, as do honour to the goodness and the discernment of Mr. Dale, and present a striking contrast to the generality of large manufactories in this kingdom, which are the schools of vice and of profligacy, the very hotbeds of disease and of contagion. It is a truth, which should be engraven in letters of gold, to the eternal honour of the founder of New Lanark, that, out of nearly three thousand children working in these mills, during a period of twelve years, from 1785 to 1797, only fourteen have died, and not one has suffered criminal punishment.

Pure and fresh air, without which life cannot exist, is administered in abundance to this manufactory, by frequently opening the windows, and by air-holes, under every other window, which are left open during the summer months. The children are all washed before they go to work, and after they have finished their daily labour, previous to their appearance in the schools. The floors and the machinery of the mills are washed once a week with hot water; and the walls and ceilings, twice a year are white-washed with lime. The children are lodged in large airy rooms. The boys and girls are kept separate from each other during rest, meal times, and working hours. Hence, one most material source of the corruption and the profligacy, which prevail in almost all other large manufactories, is here prevented from existing.

They are fed plentifully with plain and wholesome food, which consists chiefly of fresh beef, and barley broth, cheese, potatoes, and barley bread, with now and then some fresh herrings as a variety. Their breakfast and supper is, principally, oatmeal porridge, with milk in the summer, and in winter, a sauce made of beer and molasses. At seven o'clock the children sup; after this there is no nightwork, a pernicious and infamous practice, in use at most other manufactories, for the purpose, as it should seem, of promoting immorality and debauchery among the poor, ignorant, unfortunate manufacturers.

After supper the schools open, and continue so till nine o'clock. The lesser children, that are not yet old enough to work, are instructed in the day-time; the elder children learn in the evening, when the daily labour is concluded. Proper masters and mistresses are employed to teach both the boys and girls; the boys learn to read, and write, and cast accounts; the girls, in addition to these inestimable acquisitions, are taught to work at the needle. Some of the children are taught church music; and on Sunday they, all, under the immediate guidance of the masters, attend a place of divine worship, and the rest of the day is occupied, chiefly, in receiving moral and religious instruction from these masters.

Some few years since a vessel, carrying emigrants from the Highlands to America, was driven by foul weather into Greenock, and in consequence, more than two hundred poor creatures were put on shore in a most helpless and wretched state. Mr. Dale, as soon as he knew it, offered them all employment, and most of them entered immediately into his service. He also, soon after invited other people from the Highlands, and undertook, to provide habitations for two hundred families. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and numbers of Highlanders came, and have taken up their abode in the territory of their benevolent employer. Many families also, that were lately driven from Ireland by want and by famine, have found protection, support, and employment, for them and for their little ones, from this indefatigable philanthropist.

Such is the praise, the rare, the enviable praise, of Dale; of one, who has done more for his country and for the benefit of mankind than all the warriors and all the conquerors, that have ever lived; than all those, whose names now stain the page of history with characters of desolation and of blood. But the name of Dale shall be remembered, and shall shine forth with honour in that great day, when the book of life shall be opened, and it shall be pronounced unto every man according to his deeds; in that awful and tremendous day, when men shall not be judged as kings, and as princes, and as lords, and as destroyers of cities, and as murderers of their fellow-creatures; but all shall be judged as offending sinners. In that day will those who have been deemed great upon the earth, in that they possessed and employed the power of oppressing and of afflicting human nature, hide their heads in confusion and in dismay; while all those, who, like the benevolent Dale, have blessed their fellow-beings, even as the dews of heaven have blessed them, shall receive their reward, and sit as glorified saints on the right hand of Him, who descended from the throne of God to save and to redeem fallen and lost mortality.

[*Tour through the Highlands.*]

ON EDUCATION.

In all ages men have pursued knowledge to the detriment of wisdom. Among the learned of the preceding centuries, the greatest part of a man's life was spent in storing up a copious fund of materials from the depths of antiquity; and in making the most abstruse researches into mysterious subjects, which served for no purpose but gratifying the vain curiosity of the inquirer. By such men, therefore, nothing valuable in common life has been either studied or practised.

The present age can boast of neither wisdom, nor learning. We have not application, to gain the one, nor steadiness, to acquire the other. We skim the surface of information, and, by learning a little of every thing, we save ourselves the trouble of learning enough of any thing. It would be fortunate for us, if this superficiality was as innocent as it is contemptible. But the two lines in Pope are well exemplified by the effects, which a slight knowledge of things has on our minds:

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing:
> "Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring."

It is the unavoidable consequence of general information, to excite in the mind of a person, an undue opinion of his own powers, and to give him an assumption in judging of men and things. All that he thinks, says, or does, must be certainly right; and, nothing passes without the stamp of truth or falsehood from his assertion. This spirit of conceit, united with a love of liberty, has led men into great extravagancies of sentiment and conduct, which have disturbed the peace of society, and introduced turbulence and restlessness.

These remarks apply with additional force to the youth of the present age. The principal object of instruction is, to fit them for general conversation and amusement. No solid accomplishments are conceived essential for a young person, to fill the station allotted him. He is not taught, to reason, but to talk; not to think, but to act. He knows a little of every thing, and enough of nothing.

He learns Latin by translations; he becomes acquainted with French, which requires no study; he reads abridgments in history, and hears the politics of the day. Thus, armed at all points, the man of fourteen leaves school, and enters life. He converses with people, twice his age, on subjects he does not understand. He is a freethinker on religion and politics, because it is fashionable, to reject old opinions. He uses fine words, which he has either heard used by others, or has collected in the course of his reading novels. He is very polite, as far as concerns the making a bow, or picking up a lady's fan; but he possesses no one ingredient of politeness, which flows from a good heart. And, to make him a perfect man, he must ape Sentiment, without having its essence. Such is the spirit of the age, and education has caught the infection. No blame, whatever, can attach to the individuals, engaged in the task of teaching. It is not the taste of men in general, to turn reformers, even if they see reformation necessary. The risk is great, the success doubtful, and the advantage problematical. It is sufficient for them, to deliver youth into the hands of their parents, what they themselves are, and wish their sons to be.

We need not, however, wonder at all the rashness, excess, conceit, inconsistency, intemperance, and the long catalogue of follies and vices, which generally attend young people upon leaving school. We should rather wonder, if, ignorant of the depravity to which youth is prone, that such a crooked and narrow system did not offer incitements to the unruly passions, by increasing the means of gratification.

Crabb.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE SYLPH.

Round the peasant's lowly cot,
When the evening hour is nigh,
In the hermit's mossy grot,
When the moon ascends the sky;—

Through the dark and lonely glen,
Haunted by the wandering gnome,
Viewless to a mortal's *ken*,
As my pleasure leads I roam.

Now among the rich and great,
Now with poverty reside,
Now attend while coxcombs prate,
Now I haunt the "Fire-side"

With *spectacled* PHOSPHORUS sit,
Wielding the satyric thong;
Round him fly the shafts of wit,
Startling the presuming throng.

Who would ever think to find,
Torrents in the mountain top?—
Who suspect (that knows mankind)
Genius in a *mercer's* shop?

But the Sylph, whose prying eye
Views this sapient bard, unseen,
Fancies that he can descry
Fairer hands behind the screen---

Hands that erst have often wove,
In the Muses magic loom,
When propitious powers above,
Gave *her* cheek health's vermeil bloom.

Now---see pondering ANGUS sit
Rapt in musing most profound,
While those antidotes of wit,
Ponderous *ledgers* hedge him round.

"Forc'd from wind-guns lead can fly,"*
Force from dullness metre draws:
Coxcomb bards attempt the sky,
Anxious for the world's applause.

Waxen wings in days of yore
Gave Icarus pride a fall;---
ANGUS give *thy* soaring o'er,
Disappointments wait on all.

TAPER's faint and glimmering light,
Or the CANDLE's feeble glare,
Ne'er attract my wheeling flight:
Warmth or brilliancy is there.

In its socket sunk to sleep,
TAPER from the world withdrew;
And I fancy few would weep,
Should our CANDLE do so too.

ROLAND touch again thy lyre,
Few like thee melodious sing,
Few can boast etherial fire,
Fann'd like *thine* by Fancy's wing.

When again each bard shall hear
Notes like these so *blythe* and *free*
All thy drooping spirits cheer,
ALIQUEM, I'll peep at thee.

Hark!—I hear the well-known voice
Of my queen, so fair, so true:—
Now ye scribbling bards rejoice,
Ariel bids you all, adieu.

ARIEL.

* POPE.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

AGRICULTURAL.

The effects of frequent ploughing in improving the fertility of land.

Thorough ploughing, in a great measure, supplies the want of manure, by keeping the earth in a loose state, ready for the reception of atmospherical influence.

It is much more profitable to increase the fruitfulness of land by tillage than by dung; because only a certain quantity of dung can often times be had, the produce of 10 acres being scarcely sufficient to dung one; whereas the particles of the earth may be divided and subdivided.—The benefit that can be procured from dung is therefore limited; whereas no bounds can be set to the advantages which arise from tillage.

It is true, that dung is equally beneficial to light and stiff grounds; but the same may be said of tillage.

Mr. Evelyn, quoting Sir Hugh Platt, says, that if you take a certain quantity of even the most barren earth you can find, reduce it to a fine powder, and expose it for a year to the vicissitudes and changes of the season, and influences of the heavens, it will acquire such a generous and masculine pregnancy, within that period, as to be able to receive any foreign plants from the farthest Indies, and to cause all vegetables to prosper in the most exalted degree, and to bear their fruit as kindly with us as they do in their natural climates.

We are to suppose these foreign plants to have their due degrees of heat and moisture given them. To what shall we ascribe this great fertility? To the great division of the particles of the earth, and the multiplication of their surfaces.

By thus pulverizing the earth, adds he, it is found that soils may be so altered from their former nature, as to render the harsh and most uncivil clay, obsequious to the husbandman, and to bring forth roots and plants, which otherwise require the lightest and hollowest mould.

Butwhat proves how beneficial ploughing is in strong lands to facilitate the passage of the water, and of the rays of the sun, to the roots of plants, is, that their fertility is sometimes increased by mixing them with sand instead of dung. Sand itself affords no nourishment, but by preventing the particles from returning, it produces the desired good effect.

To prove by an experiment what we have just advanced, with respect to light soils: let one half of a field be indifferently ploughed, and the other half ploughed extremely well. Some time after, and in dry weather, let the whole field be cross-ploughed—the land of that half the field which was thoroughly ploughed, will be of a darker colour than that of the other half, which was but slightly ploughed. This shews the benefit the land has received by ploughing.

Some think to supply the want of ploughing by harrowing their land greatly after it has been sown; but this way of scratching the earth is of little service; and when it is moist the horses poach and damage it considerably.

I knew a farmer, who had not a sufficient quantity of dung to cover more than half his fallow, which he sowed with wheat: the other half he intended for spring barley, but was advised (rather than leave the ground uncropped) to give two extraordinary ploughings, and sow that also with wheat; which he did, and reaped a greater crop of better grain off the undunged than the dunged land.

[Penn. Farmer, by J. Roberts.]

From "ESSAYS, *Moral, Religious, Literary, and Philosophical.*"

No. XXXI. Oct. 31. 1803.

On the neglect of cultivating FEMALE *talents.*

"*Dulce ridentem, Lalagen amabo,*
"*Dulce loquentem.*"

HOR.

"Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph, who *sweetly speaks*, and sweetly smiles."

FRANCIS.

The importance of a due cultivation of the various talents, which the female sex displays in many instances, has long been acknowledged: but it does not appear, that this truth, of which mankind are generally sensible, has caused any improvement in their *practice*. The fetters of prejudice remain to be broken by a powerful effort on BOTH sides; while endeavours are made by *men*, to rescue female education from neglect, the softer sex surely ought also to exercise *their* powers, in coincidence with this great object. When the attention of females is arrested by the value of any precept, their own good sense, in the exertion of which they often exhibit a noble example to the "lord of the creation," will certainly lead them to obey it; for obstinacy and perversion of reason are uncongenial with a sensible mind. Notwithstanding, however, the weight of this consideration, the inattention displayed is great!

There is, doubtless, a necessity for both sexes, to cultivate that purity of sentiment, which rises superior to folly: but it must be allowed, that the obligation is as firm on one side, as on the other; for it is well known, that an almost unlimited power is placed in the hands of females, in regulating the minutiæ of human life; by the example which their conduct affords to man; by the fascinating charms of elegant and polite conversation; accompanied with a dignified deportment, and embellished by their numerous accomplishments. And when I consider, how very capable the fair sex are, to communicate their sentiments on various subjects, not only in the higher departments of poetic imagery, which their ardent and chaste imaginations will present forcibly to the view, arrayed in all the charms of sensibility and tenderness, for elucidation and grace; but also in the lower and humbler walks of prosaic literature, I confess there is reason for surprise on observing so few original productions of females contained in the publications of the present day. In these, many judicious *selections* are evident: but works of science, of morality, or of pleasing miscellany, will answer another purpose; that of inspiring numbers with a laudable desire of communicating those reflections which arise in their minds, from an attentive observation of the many-coloured scenes of the theatre of life. *Original* productions commonly and justly receive a greater share of attention, than selected pieces; though the latter may be chosen with care, and their tendency directed to proper objects: I say *justly*; because they not only inculcate sentiments on different subjects, as effectually as selections, but they display also the taste, the opinions, the judgment, the manners, and the inclinations of the age.

That diffidence, therefore, which restrains the softer sex from the exercise of their talents, particularly in composition, though it may be proper to indulge, in some cases, yet it cannot be considered so in the present instance. Females, whose minds, emphatically speaking, are generally the temples of virtue, delicacy, and taste—who are patterns of modesty, and who cultivate with diligence these valuable qualities—whose conversations are refined by a chaste elegance, which endears them to every one, and whose elevated acquirements captivate and charm all, as by magic sway, certainly ought to endeavour to *improve* these amiable traits, by every means in their power; and, by inspiring others in *various ways* with a desire and an exertion for imbibing and cherishing them, to extend their beneficial influence. Of these different methods, perhaps none could be more effectual, than to copy the lucid examples of an Edgeworth, a Pennington, and an Aikin.

Is it not probable, that they can ameliorate the manners, and refine the tempers of the less delicate sex, by more means than one? Can they not cultivate the garden of taste and purity, and enable its fruits luxuriantly to grow with increasing strength? CERTAINLY!

Arouse, then, my fair readers, from the lethargy which has so long enveloped your talents; be animated by the laudable examples of a More, a Smith, and a Seward! *Imitate* them!——and let your powers be exerted with energy, with vigour, and with perseverance! Ye, who are accomplished in all those tender endearments, which, in their social evidence, enable man to *enjoy* life,—who enliven his dreary hours, and add a pure lustre to his joyous moments, by your sweet converse, and on whom, the NINE smile with benignant eye, why cannot *you* also dedicate a small portion of that time, which is now spent in frivolous amusements, to the more noble cause of virtue and humanity? No longer, then, permit your whole attention to be engrossed in courting the Goddess of Fashion, and paying your *devoirs* at the shrine of Folly. Let the majestic temple of Virtue be often visited by you, and liberal offerings be made at her altar!—let the graceful and fascinating charms of your pens be exhibited, and you will, no doubt, bear the palm of victory from your male cotemporaries. *Your* productions will shine with transcendant lustre, and both please and illumine others by their superior brightness; and the publications of the present age will become receptacles of the effusions of purity, of elegance, and of taste. Disdain, therefore, to remain bound by the fetters of ignoble prejudice and self-conceit, with which the arrogance of man has hitherto encircled you! Burst them asunder! Why should not the *female* mind expand on the wings of freedom? Alas! its modest timidity, its retiring worth, two bright ornaments to the character, have not protected it from insult! Daughters of Columbia! protectors of morals, and examples of genuine religion!—Will ye languish *yet* in voluntary and servile bondage? Let animation enkindle, let exertion renew its strength! Adorned by the brilliancy of genius, the ardour of fancy, and the delicacy of virtue, your efforts will evince, incontrovertibly, that the female sex requires no *extraneous support* to declare, in the language of irresistible conviction, its *superiority* in the elegant departments of polite literature, the pleasing walks of social life!

O.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Observing your fire-side society
To swerve a little from propriety,
Perhaps a neighbour's interference
May stimulate more strict adherence
To rules which should, in no community,
Be violated with impunity.

The would-be bard who strives to vapour
With doggerel rhymes in every paper,
Has had, it seems, his feelings grated,
From having been too much inflated
With those caresses he received
For more, I ween, than he atchieved.

By warmth and tickling thaw'd, behold!
In reptile manners he grows old,

His *torpid* diffidence dismisses,
And *charms* with venom and with hisses!
A friendly hint* was giv'n in time
To stop his growing itch for rhyme,
At least, at Taper's charge, but Phosphorus
Soon grew quite sulky and too *cross* for us.
Were it my aim to be severe,
What harsh things might be utter'd here!

As, that this self-dubb'd critic chooses
To be thought LACQUEY to the muses,
And, *ex-officio*, takes upon him
To be what few or none will own him.†
But I forbear. Two gentle hints
Shall serve as rules, when next he prints,
In hopes that he will be *good-humour'd*,
As well as *grateful*;—for 'tis rumour'd
(Although in print he looks so well)
That Phos can neither rhyme nor spell.
This anecdote at once displays
How thankless he must be, to raise
His hand against his friend, the Editor,
Who is, it seems, so large a creditor.

And is it fair, pray let me ask,
To shoot from underneath a mask
At one, who, were he to reply,
Would fix on him the public eye?

'Tis not for me, but able wits,
To say how well the scull-cap *fits;*
Nor hint how ill our "plodding cits"
Have been depictur'd; nor express
My sentiments about th' "address:"
But I've so little prejudice
As freely to acknowledge this—
That Ed's ideas are not new,
For travellers think the picture true.
But, whether true or false, *I* like
The man that does not fear to strike;
And, not by prejudices blind,
Speaks independently his mind.

He gives his thoughts. Give, pr'ythee, *thine*,
(But do not rail) and I'll give *mine;*
Thus shall a fair discussion show
The reasons *of* the *yes* or *no*.
No!—Phos *has* sense—enough to own
He'd better let this thing alone;
And *wit*—to know, that he can never
Appear in any *part* so clever
As that, which, stumbling on, he chose,
And fills by following now his nose—
Dandling, I mean, with critic-phiz,
The BRATS of other bards, not *his:*
For he is a mere cavilling wight
(Like those that know not *why* they write)
Who, mounted up by others' labours,
Stands on the shoulders of his neighbours,
And thinks, whilst perk'd upon their shoulders;
Himself the wonder of beholders,
Unconscious, too, that every eye
Beholds how he got up so high!
Now this reminds me of a fable
Which I'll translate, if I am able,
In hopes the moral "well applied,"
May serve to humble Phos's pride.
And to convince him (to his cost)
How much is by translation lost,
Let *him* compare it at full length
With Yriarte's fable tenth.

The Pellitory of the wall and the herb Thyme.

A pellitory from the wall,
On which it had been doom'd to crawl,
Accosted thyme, an herb below,
With, "I am griev'd to see thee *so*,
Diffusing far thy fragrance round
Though but six inches from the ground!"

The fragrant flow'ret felt the taunt
Of her conceited neighbour-plant;
When pointing to her honour'd head,
She rais'd her voice and thus she said:
"I don't deny that I am small,
"But, pray thee, do I climb the wall?
"I'm short, but lo! I stand *erect*,
"And claim not pity, but respect;
"Whilst thou, *weak thing*, ALONE, like I,
"Couldst never sprout two inches high!"
Whene'er I see one author made
By sneaking in another's shade,
And on his labours cavilling climb,
I ply this sage retort of thyme——
A *hint* which Phosphorus may pocket
With the kind wishes of a

ROCKET.

Anecdote of Logman, surnamed the Sage, thought by some to be the famous Æsop of Samos.

'Logman's master having one day given him a bitter apple to eat, he devoured it without repugnance. Astonished at this act of obedience, his master asked him, how he could eat a fruit so disagreeable to the taste. "You have given me many sweets," replied the sage; "and it would be surprising if I could not eat the only bitter fruit that I ever received from you." An admirable lesson! it is a practical maxim, similar to the truly pious reflection of Job, which *every heart in pain* should remember—"Have I received good from the hands of God, and shall I not receive evil.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By the arrival of the British packets further foreign intelligence has been received, of which we will endeavour to give our readers as clear and concise a statement as possible.—Europe is represented to be in a state of general commotion, and the preparations going forward among the different powers, give reason to apprehend, that war is about to be extended on the continent with renewed and destructive energy. *Britain*, as soon as her parliament shall be assembled, it is expected, will declare war against Spain. If we may be allowed to judge from the speculations of her political writers, the Spanish possessions in S. America have attracted her peculiar regard.—Already, it is rumoured, preparations are making for an expedition, of which that country is the object.—In *France* the coronation of Buonaparte is said to have taken place, with an unusual display of magnificence and parade. The Pope had arrived at Paris on the occasion. Proclamations have been stuck up in many places, inviting the people to return to the old order of things, and contrasting the Bourbon government with the present, to the disadvantage of the latter. In some partsthese have excitedconsiderable ferment.—*Spain*, her towns almost desolated by the pestilence, her interior convulsed by faction, and on the eve of a foreign war, appears to be in a condition of peculiar distress. Russia is busy, augmenting her armies and preparing (it is expected) to take the field against France in the spring. In the mean time, the two powers are actively endeavouring to strengthen themselves by alliances. *Austria* and *France*, in conjunction, meditate an attack upon *Turkey*. That power, which has long betrayed marks of imbecility, must, in consequence, seek for a defender in her ancient foe. The Servian insurgents, it is reported, have set the example by demanding protection from Russia.—The King of Prussia has expressed his dissatisfaction at the French violations of neutrality, committed upon the person of Sir George Rumboldt, and has given his decided approbation to the measures adopted on the occasion by the Senate of Hamburg.—The Dutch, weary of the restrictions put upon their commerce by their domineering neighbours, have refused to admit any further the interference of the French Generals in their commercial affairs.

DOMESTIC.—At the seat of government the trial of Judge Chase has commenced. Accounts from the coast continue to present a melancholy detail of shipwrecks. In some of the state governments we observe the attention of the legislature laudably directed towards the establishment and improvement of the schools. The distresses of the poor in our seaport towns, increased by the unusual severity of the season, have called forth the exertions of the benevolent in their behalf, and large contributions have been made to relieve their wants. In New-York the scarcity of wood is so great, that it has been contemplated to tear down the fortifications of the Battery to supply the poor with fuel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We admire the piety and benevolence of CLIO's effusions; but even these amiable qualities must be attended by the graces of literature, to gain the attention of the circle at the Fire-side. We recommend a revisal.

There is cause to apprehend, the controversy between our satyric Bards will overleap the bounds of *cheerfulness and chaste hilarity*: we, therefore, would advise them, in the words of the Roman Poet:

Claudite jam rivos, pueri: sat prata biberunt.

ROLAND came too late for this number; but shall hold a distinguished place in our next.

Several other pieces have been received, and are under consideration.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.

* See Evening Fire-side, No. 4.
† Censor General.